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by Silvaxus

Summary

15. Cockholding / Food Play / **Hair Pulling**

A god has risen, equals found each other and a union was about to be formed.

Notes

My Beta for this fic is my friend and sister in trouble Imoshen

See the end of the work for more notes

After Will's too sweet surrender on the floor, Hannibal had moved them into Will's bed...or tried to.

Will fought back against Hannibal with rough power and feral sounds spilling from his lips. His sharp teeth split Hannibal's lips open and that was the moment Hannibal realized his mistake.

They had established that Will was now his equal but they were still separate in way that mattered to tame the darkness in Will's mind. Hannibal needed to tame this darkness in a way for Will to be able to think again and accept them as one.

They were once more fighting, still down on the floor, rolling around while trying to hold each other down with brute force and sharp teeth.

Only when Hannibal managed to bury his fingers in Will's long, curly hair and hold him in place with a tight grip did Hannibal manage to gain control over their fight.

With one knee pressed into Will's back and one hand in his hair, Hannibal held Will down while he just stared at him with almost glassy eyes, but the fire was still there, only muted.

Getting Will onto the bed was easy as he followed Hannibal like a wolf on a leash, close to the hand holding him but Hannibal's grip was the metaphorical muzzle.

Their situation became difficult when Hannibal had to hold onto Will and strip himself at the same time.

He decided to give Will a head start of trust as he leaned in close.

"I'm going to release you now, Will. You can either fight me while I try to undress or you can provide me with some lube or oil because one way or another, I'm going to take you tonight."

Slowly, and without waiting for an answer, Hannibal pulled his hand back.

Their eyes met for a brief second before Hannibal pulled his sweatshirt over his head. His slacks followed after he pulled his shoes off.

Will was completely silent and while Hannibal could still see the fire in his dark eyes, even the small lamp next to the bed didn't help to bring colours back into Will's eyes, it seemed that Will was in control enough to follow Hannibal's orders.

They stared at each other for a long silent moment, taking in the other's nudity for real for the first time.

Until now, Hannibal hadn't really paid attention to Will's lack of clothes and during their fight most of the dried release on his skin had flaked off but...Will was too thin for Hannibal's taste, all hard muscle visible under soft skin.

Hannibal could appreciate the strength he could see in Will's body but he would tire fast because he had no reserves. It meant either a fast fight with a win or total loss when a mistake happened. Good thing it was now Hannibal's pleasure and duty to take care of Will.

They met on the bed but this time Hannibal was prepared for the fire to roar back to life in Will's eyes.

He had Will down on the bed with a painful grip on his hair before Will could even fight him.

Will was tense and his breathing was fast and loud in the otherwise empty bedroom, Will's dog had vacated the house when Hannibal arrived. He growled at Hannibal but remained down and generally compliant.

One hand still buried in Will's hair, Hannibal pushed Will's legs apart and reached for the bottle of lube Will had taken from a drawer next to the bed.

Hannibal smirked when he saw several toys in the drawer...but they could make use of them another time.

The bottle opened with a loud snick and Will shivered under Hannibal's grip at the sound but remained silent otherwise.

Getting the lube on his fingers with only one hand free was a bit difficult and messy, a lot of the lube landed on Will's back, but Hannibal didn't care when he finally reached between Will's spread legs.

When Hannibal had thought about this moment, he always imagined that he would pause and enjoy the moment when his final goal was in his reach. He would slowly rub over Will's hole until he was soft and pliant under him and he would tease Will until his voice broke from the sounds of pleasure and the begging.

It happened completely different.

Without warning and hesitation, Hannibal pushed two of his long fingers into Will's hole.

WIll hissed and struggled against Hannibal's hold but Hannibal showed no mercy on Will. He tightened his hold on Will's hair while he pumped his fingers in and out of Will, spreading the lube as good as possible.

Two fingers turned into three and Will moaned loudly when Hannibal found the right angle to rub over Will's prostate.

Chuckling, Hannibal didn't stop and leaned down so he could whisper his next words at Will.

"I have so many plans for you, my darling. I want to see you fall apart, unable to get away from the pleasure I offer. More sacrifices for you while you paint your skin white with your

release until tears are running down your face. I will show you every of my desires for you, Will. There is so much to explore for us."

The whine coming from Will was music to Hannibal who pulled his fingers out only to squeeze the firm flesh of Will's ass.

"On your knees, Will, and leave your head down on the bed."

He didn't release Will completely from his grip but loosened it enough for Will to get up into the position Hannibal wanted him in.

It was a sight to behold and Hannibal knew he would never get tired of it.

Gathering the lube from Will's back, Hannibal smeared it on his cock and took the place, his place, between Will's legs.

Holding Will down, Hannibal pressed his cock against Will's hole and when the tight ring of muscles gave in easily, he snapped his hips forward and buried himself inside of Will.

For a moment, Hannibal saw nothing but flashes of white behind his eyes while pleasure was like a fire inside his body.

Will bowed his back like a cat begging for pets, a beautiful arch under Hannibal before all tension left Will's body and he dropped all the way down on the bed.

Pulling on Will's hair to get his attention, Hannibal growled and squeezed Will's hip with his other hand.

"Keep it up, Will, or you'll regret it."

Will's hands were like claws in the bed sheets but he held himself up and so Hannibal started to thrust.

The sound of skin slapping against skin filled the room and whenever Hannibal bottomed out, Will sounded as if all the air was pushed from his lungs.

Hannibal loved this small sound and it became his main goal to get Will to make it all the time. It was such a beautiful sound.

With one last hard pull on Will's hair, Hannibal let go only to wrap his hand around Will's cock.

Keeping himself buried deep in Will's twitching hole, Hannibal started to jerk Will off fast and almost careless about hurting him. He wanted to feel Will's body spasm and tighten all around him only to fuck Will through his orgasm.

To Hannibal's surprise, Will was completely silent when he spilled his release all over Hannibal's fingers and the way Will jerked around Hannibal's cock almost made him lose it

on the spot.

Not bothering about his cum-stained fingers, Hannibal held onto Will's hip with a punishing grip and fucked into Will's still tight and tense body.

So much tight heat around Hannibal's cock proved to be too much at some point.

Holding onto Will, Hannibal stilled completely and feld his release flood Will's still tight hole.

Afterwards, when the first high of their orgasms slowly faded, Hannibal and Will collapsed onto the bed.

Still buried deep in Will's body, Hannibal held Will close and licked over the marks his fingers had left on his otherwise soft and unmarked skin.

Now they had each other and neither of them would let the other go, ever again.

End Notes

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